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Faithless will often win where push rushes one on to disaster.

Time for Alertness, Not for Alarm

THE publicity given to the facts about the smallpox epidemic in Millville, New Jersey, is a sufficient guarantee for the protection of the adjoining communities. It is unfortunate that the disease was not recognized as soon as it appeared, but since it has been identified the authorities have acted with energy and decision. The vaccination of all the people in the community will involve a smaller outlay of time and energy than was devoted to preventing the spread of smallpox in the negro quarter in this city last year.

The few cases that have appeared in Camden may or may not have originated from the Millville source of contagion; but the Camden health officers have taken steps to prevent the spread of the disease. The danger to Philadelphia is slight indeed, for its Health Department has, time after time, demonstrated its ability to segregate the disease as soon as it appears. But even if there should be a large number of cases, which is morally impossible, modern methods of treatment are adequate for its cure. We know how to stamp it out and how to nurse it now, so that the terrors that it once held have practically all been removed. It is a time for alertness, not for alarm.

Twice Dead

MORGAN ROBERTSON, writer of sea stories, is dead; pathetically dead, for time had stripped him of his genius and left him beggared even of hope.

His life had in it much of the tragedy that is associated historically with literary genius. For years he served at sea, and as a land-lubber poverty haunted him until, with a tub as a writing place and on the backs of circulars he had been hired to distribute, he scribbled the first of his inimitable tales. Success was swift and sure. Money came fast and went faster. Then one day he awoke to find that he had lost his "punch." Perhaps he had exhausted his material, as his tales were based on personal experience.

At any rate, pathetic in the extreme was his story of how he walked into an editor's office and offered a manuscript. The editor refused it. "If you want to write sea stories," he said, "study the masterpieces of that man," and he pointed to a picture of Morgan Robertson hanging on the wall. He and his work, too, were unrecognized!

"Standing Aghast" Does No Good

JUDGE UMBEL'S newspaper in Unlontown is very much disturbed over the resignation of that gentleman, whose friends advised him against standing trial before the Legislature, on the ground that there was a frame-up and he did not have even a fighting chance. "When all the details of this infamous piece of business are published," says the News Standard, "the people of Pennsylvania will stand aghast at the depths of depravity to which the Republican machine in this State will descend."

A brave and innocent man does not usually quit, even if the cards are stacked, particularly when he has a chance to present the facts in the form of evidence to all the world. The people ought to be aghast at the spectacle of Senator Crow holding a Judge in the hollow of his hand, preventing his impeachment at one time and making it certain at another. But they seem to care very little about it. Moreover, standing aghast would not do either them or the Commonwealth any good. They have been standing aghast too long. Nothing will be accomplished until they get fighting mad, quit "standing for" anything and vote the whole vicious machine into the discard.

The Rights of Motherhood

GVERNOR WHITMAN of New York has not yet decided whether he will sign the widow's pension bill which the Legislature has sent to him. Pennsylvania has a law of the same kind, passed after its value had been demonstrated in other States, but the Legislature has been only half-hearted in supporting it with appropriations. The sole question involved in legislation of this kind is whether dependent children shall be maintained by the Commonwealth in their home with their mother or in public institutions. The Commonwealth has to maintain them anyway, for their mothers are unable to carry the burden. The institution-reared child is robbed of all the human affections to which the young are entitled. He is sent out into the world maimed and dwarfed, morally and intellectually, if not physically. But argument is not needed to prove that the proper place for a child is with its mother, provided the mother is half-way decent. The mother sees the child to society and the child saves the mother from herself. It will be a fortunate day for the Commonwealth when the public institutions for children can be razed to the ground and when each child may have the care and comfort of a mother during its growing years. Who knows what might have become of Moses if Pharaoh's daughter had committed him to the care of a hireling Egyptian? Even though the State may not think it prudent to appropriate all that is needed to support the dependent children, motherhood has rights which it is bound to respect. The mother's pension system is based on the most humanely intelligent idea that has emerged from the ruck of philanthropic discussion in a generation.

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Know the Governor by His Enemies

ON the great issues he has espoused, Governor Brumbaugh need not fear the antagonism of Senators McNichol and Crow or any other men. The rebound to conservatism in this country finds the public still determined and fixed in its resolve to obtain certain requisite reforms. Pennsylvania, above all, proposes to escape the fanaticism of prohibition by temperate treatment of the liquor problem. To that end a vast majority of citizens have decided that there must be local option, not only because it is the obvious and wise method of dealing with the problem and in entire consonance with American principles, but because it is realized that otherwise the State will be plunged into a quagmire of liquor politics, as has happened in so many other Commonwealths.

Senators McNichol and Crow stand for the Organization and the Organization stands for "hoose." It turned to "hoose" for money last fall and gave, it is assumed, definite promises in return. Yet Dr. Brumbaugh at that time specifically refused to permit any of the funds so collected to be used in his behalf. He dedicated himself to local option, despite the Organization, and because the people believed in him they elected him by a great majority. They will stand by him now, when the fight is thickest, no matter what elements are arrayed against him. He can appeal over the heads of the bosses to the electorate and be sure of vindication and support. He is armed with a just cause and the enemies he is making may readily become his chief asset.

So, too, in relation to the child labor and compensation laws, it is obvious that wise enactments at this time will prevent radical enactments later on. It is important to manufacturers that the issue be settled now, when the Chief Executive is a man unswayed by passion or prejudice, sincerely desirous of securing the best possible law, fair alike to employer and employe. A hybrid measure will be worse than no measure at all.

The Vares, who are displaying these days more political acumen than they ever before exhibited, give indications of standing by the Governor. That is what they ought to do, for there is no sturdier figure just now in our public life and none more richly impregnated with the longings of the common people. The destinies of the Republican party in the State are wrapped up in him and the leaders of tomorrow will be the men who now tie to him. But to stand by the Governor means to support his local option fight. The Vares must not forget that.

Reward for Merit

VINCENT ASTOR has been honored by the award of a medal from the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects for erecting the best six-story apartment house in New York. Possibly the Legislature of Pennsylvania would be glad to provide a rich financial prize of honor for the gentleman who proves that he manages and collects rent for the worst tenement building in Philadelphia.

Mountain Laurel Turned Down

PENNSYLVANIA must worry along for some time yet without an official State flower, for the Governor has vetoed Representative Geiser's bill raising the mountain laurel to that distinction. The Governor objects because the mountain laurel is the official flower of Connecticut, because there is no sentimental association with the blossom and because the leaves are poisonous. But the failure of the laurel to receive the executive approval will not prevent it from adorning the thickets in all corners of the Commonwealth with its beautiful blossoms. And the other flowers which have been turned down by successive Governors when proposed for high honors will also continue to gladden the eye every season in their turn. The trailing arbutus makes fragrant the spring and the wild aster glorifies the fields in late autumn. In the months between we have the goldenrod, the daisy, the blue violet and the anemone, jack-in-the-pulpit, lilies of all varieties, both the lilies of the field and lilies of the hothouse; hollyhocks, morning-glories, trumpet flowers, wild roses and roses that have been tamed, and the fragrant and promising blossoms of all the fruit trees, to say nothing of the flowers of the potato vine, the cucumber plant and the pumpkin. With so many to choose from it ought to be possible to find one that would commend itself to a Governor.

The Penrose still remains as the only official State flower.

Perhaps President Wilson is trying to conquer the Mexicans by kindness.

There is a man in New York who would give a Roland for an Oliver, or two Rolands, for that matter.

The Panama fair is now dedicated; but it is just as interesting now as before the Vice President made his dedicatory speech.

Whoever is behind that bill providing for State inspection of upholstering evidently wants to provide some easy berth for his friends.

The jitneys will be popular in Atlantic City, provided they do not carry signs showing how cheap it is to ride in an automobile at the seaside.

Representative Beyer, who is a handsome man himself, ought not to be criticizing the Philadelphia Judges for their vanity. It is an amiable ailment that does no one any harm.

If the Senate committee really insists, Colonel Roosevelt will doubtless be glad to tell it exactly what he thinks of the ship purchase bill, and in language both emphatic and clearly understandable.

Admirers of the man who wrote to the New York Sun last June that he was blessed if he did not believe that Mr. Wilson could "transmute the present order of things into original chaos" are now writing to the Sun congratulating him on the verification of his estimate of the President's genius.

GIVING SHAKESPEARE BACK HIS BEAUTY

How Granville Barker Has Made "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Into a Beautiful and Novel Play—Scenery Almost as Brilliant as the Verse.

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

SHAKESPEARE'S finest testimonial from 20th century America is his popularity in the face of the sort of ungracious productions given his plays. Philadelphia has just had a fortnight of samples from Mr. Mantell; it can still remember the scenic atrocities of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe.

The Beauty Shakespeare Demands Now it happens that of all the plays current on the American stage none demand scenic illusion so much as Shakespeare's and none get so little of it. The demand is easy to understand. Writing for a stage with practically no scenery, Shakespeare loaded his text with the most beautiful and imaginative descriptions. All but the work of a finely imaginative stage-artist will fade to lawdrains before the warmth of the verse. What pale stage-dawns we see with our eyes while our ears drink in: But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops.

We gaze upon the forest backdrop of some English park with neat square "wood wings" dividing the sides of the stage, while "The Merchant of Venice" tells us to believe that we see: How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here we will sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet harmony. Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold. Drear brown walls, stones and shields painted with equal freedom on them, are all we get to suggest the awesome brooding chambers of "Macbeth." And the next night and the next, the same walls turn up in "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." Silly, flabby, canvas atrocities, neither beautiful nor appropriate, trying to keep pace with Shakespeare. It is simply ludicrous.

Even if one of our Shakespearean productions could achieve real beauty; even if by some miracle our narrow stage-realism could approach the verse, the result would still be miles from the real Shakespeare. Because the ordinary scenery is hard to move, and because the modern play has evolved into three or four long, continuous scenes, the producer of Shakespeare cuts and rearranges the swift, short, varied scenes of the fluid Elizabethan stage so that the curtain can stay up as long a time as possible. The least harmful result is utter confusion of time and place; but worse than that, Shakespeare's dramatic construction is ruined, climax destroyed, balance annihilated and the swift run of the narrative interrupted by a half-dozen ten-minute waits.

Shakespeare "Remade in Germany" It is to the new stagecraft of Germany that we owe release from such silly conventions, and the rebirth of Shakespeare as a really entertaining and expert dramatist as well as poet. Langston Platt imported a little of it for Margaret Anglin's productions last season; but Granville Barker, the English producer, now in New York, is the first to restore a Shakespeare play to its original order and completeness and to set it all in an imaginative and illusive background—the work of Norman Wilkinson, an English artist.

The play is "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; the theatre, Wallace's. The former he leaves as Shakespeare—who may be supposed to know what he was doing—originally wrote it; all he adds to the words is a very swift, lifelike and yet finely lyric diction, instead of the labored pomposity of blank verse oratory. The theatre he completely changes. He annihilates the footlights and throws his light from balcony and gallery in a flood that leaps into new life by the angle at which it is reflected to the spectator. The picture-frame stage goes with them. Where the footlights were he places a couple of broad steps leading to a platform over the orchestra pit from right box to left. The first boxes become entrances, always in view. The "fore-stage" is divided from the part behind the proscenium by a cream curtain in soft folds, which is lowered during the two intermissions.

The Double Stage

For the short "front scenes" this curtain is replaced by others just as soft, on which are painted suggestions of the places represented. Thus for the audience chamber where the play begins, the curtain is pale, with formal flowerings of gold and blue. In front of it is a square black seat as throne. For some of the shorter scenes in the woods it is a green forest suggested by angular edges of trees against a deep blue sky spattered with stars. Another, not so successful to my mind, is a pinky plaster wall of one of the "mechanicals" houses in Athens.

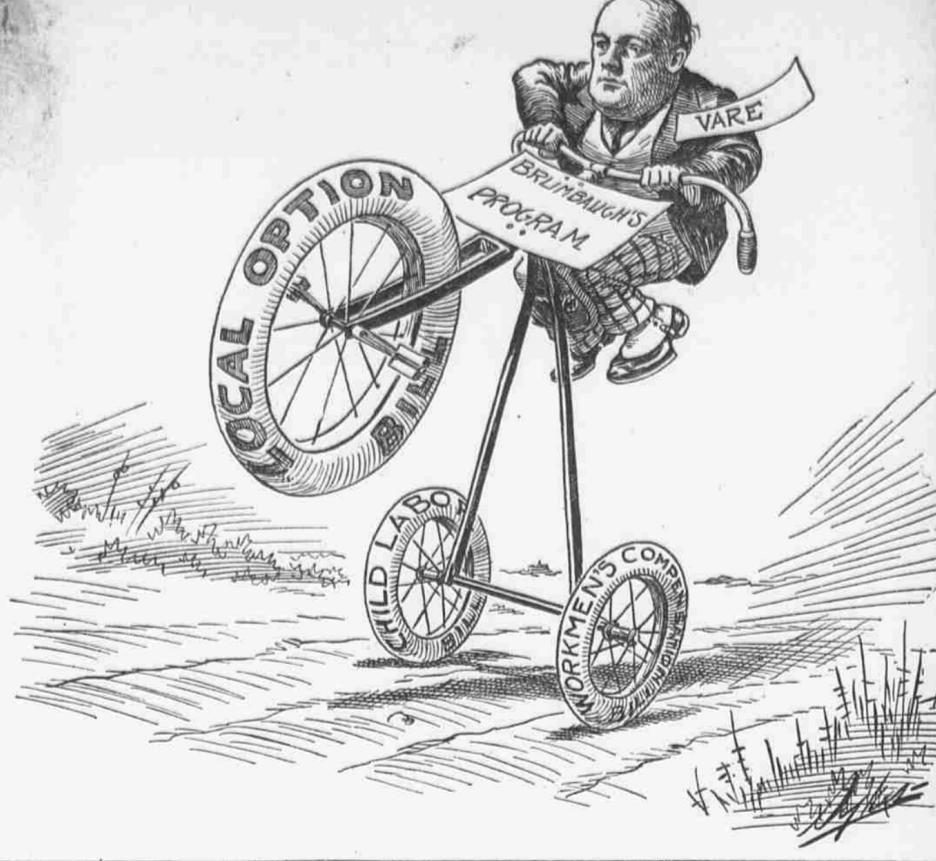
When one of these scenes goes forward on the "fore-stage," they are setting the next solid scene behind the curtain. In Mr. Barker's production there are only two such. One is the bower of Titania; the other, the court of Theseus, where the burlesque of the mechanicals is acted.

The Curtain Forest

The bower is easily the most brilliant success of all Norman Wilkinson's scenery. It is possible to quarrel with many parts of his work—as is true of any new art worth its salt—many critics have objected to the formal wreath of greenery which hangs high in the air above Titania's couch. Yet the whole effect of this scene is as undoubtedly right as the whole method. The ground slants up to a three-cornered mound directly below the wreath and the filmy curtains of the bower suspended below it. The mound forms an excellent point for many of Puck's capers, around it race the fairies, darting in and out of the woods. These woods are the triumph of the scene and the play. They are formed by curtains draped in a semicircle over proscenium to proscenium, slit more or less regularly by gaps that show other curtains behind. Painted in moist greens suggestive of vague boughs and foliage, they give a feeling of forest shadows and leafy vistas far more lovely than anything hitherto accomplished in America.

The scene of the court has its virtues, too. By making the background the steps leading to a pillared terrace, the audience of Prince Theseus may lie with their backs to us and facing the mechanicals, while these actors upon the terrace itself are able to play directly at both groups of spectators. Its colors are the black and silver of night. The effect of all this on a not very interesting play is to galvanize it into rich and beautiful life. This or that bit of color might well have been applied differently, this or that speech accented in another way. But the whole result of Mr. Barker's innovations is to make the narrative swift-running and vivid, backed by an imaginative beauty of decoration that consorts with the beauty of word. The whole is an artistic creation designed to match Shakespeare's. What we get from Mr. Mantell and Mr. Sothern is a device for hiding the brick walls of the stage, while still convincing the audience that they are in a theatre. And a very ugly theatre, at that.

GREAT STUNT, SENATOR, BUT IF YOU'RE TRYING TO GET SOMEWHERE



OPINIONS ON THE JITNEY

The 5-cent Bus Unlikely to Take the Place of Trolley Systems.

IN THE beginning "the jitney bus is a free lance, with no restrictions on its route, running or rates. Is there not here some suggestion of needed municipal legislation?" Quickly comes that question. Quickly comes the Public Service Commission to make rules, or the City Council to establish regulations, or maybe the State Legislature to take a hand. Comes also the definition: A jitney bus is a motorcar of any description that is operated over regular routes and on regular schedules, and carries passengers for 5 cents each. Charge 10 cents and the conveyance ceases to be a jitney.

Exactly what function in transportation it will eventually and permanently fulfill it is perhaps too early to say. The prophecies from various sources are various. For instance: "It will develop into an institution for short-haul traffic."

"Judging from the past history of the automobile, it will prove a great road-builder." "It is easy to see the trend of things in interurban transportation."

"It is serving in many instances as a most effective public service commission." "It may end the agitation of public ownership of urban transit lines."

"In the long run the jitney bus people will find that running a motorcar for the public at 5 cents a trip does not pay. When the real charges begin to come in—maintenance, tires, depreciation, etc.—the operators will begin to check up and learn the truth about their investment."

Some more opinions: "The jitney will soon disappear to be replaced by an 'automobile express'—cars built especially for city-passenger traffic, with capacity for 10 or a dozen persons each, and operating regular routes, with branch lines and transfer stations."

"It is not inconceivable that the traction interests will find the motor bus a valuable factor in solving the problems both of congestion and of tapping districts not served which for reasons of expense, street regulations or other wise, cannot be reached by tracks."

"The Standard Oil Company is still in the business of selling gasoline." It is of considerable interest that a chemist in the Bureau of Mines has found the jitney brand of gasoline—for by his new process 300 per cent. more gasoline can be obtained from a gallon of petroleum than by any of the previously utilized processes.

A BOON TO VERMONT BOYS

Before the Legislature of Vermont is a measure which merits the indorsement of every boy in the United States. It aims to relieve boydom of the Green Mountain State of a handicap which has long hampered its natural development. The bill in question proposes to reduce the license tax on circuses which enter the State in the pursuit of business. The present tax is \$1000, which is declared to be practically prohibitive. In addition, each town where the big canvases is spread levies its own tax, running from \$25 into the hundreds. A State virtually without circuses from one year's end to another cannot live a healthful existence. It is not surprising that Vermont threw away her electoral votes three years ago, nor that the State was visited by an epidemic of infant paralysis last year.

What Vermont needs is circuses. The Legislature is on the right tack. And the approach of spring furnishes a psychologically happy background for the consideration of this boon to the modern Green Mountain boys. Reduce the State circus tax? Abolish it.

ANGRY LETTERS

This at least should be a rule through the letter writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four and twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured. Say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk, and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.—Anthony Trollope.

WISH AND WILL

We would have inward peace. We would not look within. We would have misery cease. Yet will not cease from sin.

BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

DIGEST OF THE MAGAZINES

- (1) Metropolitan—"Today and Tomorrow."
(2) World's Work—"Pork Barrel Pensions."
(3) New Republic—"The Rota."
(4) Leslie's—"The Plain Truth."
(5) Collier's—"We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Them."

THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

OUR idea of what constitutes the people's business is slowly expanding. In feudal days it consisted exclusively of paying taxes and fighting. Today it is much the same, except that, in the meantime, the people, by dint of a couple of revolutions and much struggle and bloodshed, have gained a sort of left-handed control of what becomes of their taxes. Theoretically, of course, this being a democracy, they have everything to say about it. But, as a matter of fact, the "sovereign-peopl" have mortgaged themselves hand and foot to local machines and a couple of national parties that spend their time playing chess with each other, using the people's votes and money for the rooks and pawns, and—so it is rumored—making ducks and drakes of them.

Optimists hope that some day the people will tire of being pawns, and will decide to take a hand in the game for themselves. In fact, they are already trying to do this in the West with the initiative, referendum, recall and similar measures. In the meantime, however, the national legislators can stuff their pork barrels without "busting" them rolls merrily on. The March magazines contain a dozen articles touching on various phases of the people's business, and their efforts to swing it.

An article by Walter Lippmann in the Metropolitan (1), points out analogies between business and politics: The old theory that a business exists for its owners is going the way of the theory that a people exists for its king. George V. in his proclamations, still talks of "my people" as some men talk of "my business," but every one knows that it is an empty fiction. It is no great prophecy to say that in a few years "my business" will seem just as antiquated a phrase. The best clue to the condition of business is to recognize that within it the same forces are at work which have transformed cities and states from crown colonies and dependencies into more or less self-governing members of a national federation. These new democratic experiments are often ignorant, sometimes corrupt; they are easily betrayed; they shun the expert and they fear power.

You cannot have an industrial system going in one direction and a political system going in another. Congress has practically abdicated its control over pension legislation. The Grand Army of the Republic has a pension committee of seven members, which publicly boasts that it has written all the pension laws of the last 40 years. What is the power back of it? First, of course, are the old soldiers, their votes on election day, and the votes of their sympathizers represent the considerations which political Congressmen have received in exchange for this franking privilege on the Federal Treasury. Back of this there developed in this country, in the years succeeding the Civil War, certain professional classes which made a living out of the pension roll—the pension attorney and the pension doctor. The business of the first was to scour the country for pension candidates and to discover some niche in the pension laws that would admit the most undeserving; that of the second is to find some physical disability that could be traced to field service. Both advertised far and wide in the daily press, in circulars and pamphlets and old soldiers' magazines. Occasionally they became so notorious that they got into the criminal courts. They frequently made the claimant swear to blank affidavits, the lawyers afterward filling in the details themselves. Persecution of old soldiers was a common practice; thousands of veterans went peacefully to their graves not knowing

What Is in the Pork Barrels

There is a disilluminating account of pension-grabbing methods by Burton Hendrick in the World's Work (2), which accounts for what becomes of a share of our taxes: In the 50 years since the Civil War ended, the American people have paid to its survivors or their dependents more than \$4,500,000,000. For 40 years Congress has practically abdicated its control over pension legislation. The Grand Army of the Republic has a pension committee of seven members, which publicly boasts that it has written all the pension laws of the last 40 years. What is the power back of it? First, of course, are the old soldiers, their votes on election day, and the votes of their sympathizers represent the considerations which political Congressmen have received in exchange for this franking privilege on the Federal Treasury. Back of this there developed in this country, in the years succeeding the Civil War, certain professional classes which made a living out of the pension roll—the pension attorney and the pension doctor. The business of the first was to scour the country for pension candidates and to discover some niche in the pension laws that would admit the most undeserving; that of the second is to find some physical disability that could be traced to field service. Both advertised far and wide in the daily press, in circulars and pamphlets and old soldiers' magazines. Occasionally they became so notorious that they got into the criminal courts. They frequently made the claimant swear to blank affidavits, the lawyers afterward filling in the details themselves. Persecution of old soldiers was a common practice; thousands of veterans went peacefully to their graves not knowing

Another County Heard From

Leslie's (4) is more disturbed about another extravagance: Incredible! While the State of New York is on the edge of bankruptcy, with \$18,000,000 needed to fill the gap, the Legislature at Albany is putting over bills to further burden the taxpayers by making new requirements for pensioning widows, for workmen's compensation and other projects calculated to beguile the elusive labor vote of telephone and other companies. So, at Washington, with the Federal Treasury facing a deficit of \$40,000,000 and new taxes on a bond issue in sight before long, Congress spent its closing hours in framing up a bill to double the cost of running ships under the American flag.

Collier's gives an amusing glimpse of some of the men who play chess with our tax money, in an article by George Fitch (5):

Over 100 Congressmen folded up their careers when the late Congress came to a close. Some of them marched on into the Senate. Others retired from office, satisfied with their bank accounts and other disabilities. One of the greatest bereavements was Congressman Charles Bartlett, of Georgia. He was noted for his temper, his knowledge of constitutional law, and his affection for Georgia. One time Bartlett was addressing posterity and one of two members with intense earnestness during the lunch hour, delivering a beautiful paper on the "basis" of long, Smith, of Iowa, rose and interrupted the speaker. "His the gentleman over here," said Bartlett, with tremendous emphasis. "I am not a member of the House," said Smith, "I am a member of the House." "That's not true," shouted Bartlett, with intense earnestness. "I never heard of Bartlett. It's a one-horse town. It's only a claphorn huddle of snobs in a prairie hole." (Loud and repeated cheering from the other three auditors.) "I deny it, I deny it," shouted Smith, whose Iowa loyalty had been awakened. "I don't care if you do," said Bartlett. "A lawyer man and a politician." Upon which, having silenced his enemy, he thundered cheerfully on.

THE RETURNING

The sales of Arcady are fair to see. So dreamers say, with sunny slopes and forever singing streams and song-birds' glee. With golden dusk and silver shining dew. But never hearts have found the secret way. So dreamers say, into these meadows fair. They are beyond our common restless care. Beyond our narrow life of toil and care.

their names were on the pension rolls, other men, in some cases pension attorneys, drawing and pocketing the quarterly checks. The United States, with its notoriously small and inadequate army, spends more on pensions than all the great military establishments of Europe put together. The United States Government is the only one that has pensioned not only its faithful citizen soldier, but its deserters and its dishonorably discharged.

The New Republic (3) calls attention to the general rushing through of appropriation bills in the last days of the 63d Congress:

Notwithstanding its excellent general record, candid Democrats themselves admit that it made in one respect an egregious failure: was shamelessly and flagrantly prodigal in the appropriation of public money. In not a single case did the 63d Congress attempt to eradicate any of the ancient grafts or fail to fill any of the regular pork barrels.

The public buildings bill for 1913 provided for 327 new buildings. The supervising architect reported that "the last of the buildings will not have been placed under contract until about the beginning of the year 1920." Nevertheless, the sundry civil appropriations bill at the present session authorized about 150 new buildings.

Postmaster General Burleson dislikes the bill, because they are unnecessarily elaborate and expensive. "Jasper, Alabama, with a population of 2500, where the Government is now spending \$372 a year for rent, heat, light and janitor service, is in the bill for an appropriation of \$107,000. Its case is not exceptional. Wilmington, N. C., where the gross receipts of the Custom House are \$28,000 a year, got an appropriation of \$60,000 for a new building for a business which employs four officials and at present costs the Government 25 cents for each dollar collected.

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